

The Angel of Purgatory.

HOW MANY SWEET REMINISCENCES THIS TITLE
RECALLS TO A CHRISTIAN MIND.

The Message of the November Winds

Wailing winds, what are ye saying?
Are ye the voice of dead ones praying—
Praying and calling for release
From the pangs of atonement?—for heaven's
sweet peace?

List! there is one! 'Tis a voice I know
Of a loved friend gone! Aye, long ago
She left this earth where sorrow is rife
E'er its bitterness blighted her pure young life.

Another murmurs "Oh pray for me!"
Dear soul departed I long to see
Your loved face now as your mournful cry
Uplifts a veil from the days gone by.

And I, a woman, all bent with years,
Can scarce suppress the blinding tears
That drop to this sheet as I try to write
The mem'ries ye winds awake to-night.

I breathe a prayer as each plaintive cry
Steals thro' the leaves of the trees hard by,
God grant your suffering soon may cease
That each troubled soul may rest in peace!

DOM ALOYSIUS HERMAN, O. S. B.

On the twenty-ninth of March of this year and Wednesday of Holy Week, Dom Aloysius Herman, having but lately made his solemn profession, sweetly breathed his last at the monastery of Sacred Heart, Oklahoma Territory.

He was but twenty-two years old—and we have but little to say of that short life, simple and unknown to the world. His life was indeed hidden in Christ, in the Nazareth he had chosen—the beautiful Retreat of Sacred Heart. His short years were spent partly in field work and partly in the regular and uniform exercises of the Monastery; we are sure, however, to give pleasure to his dear family—the bereaved ones that weep—and to his numerous friends and brothers in Religion, by showing forth to the world, the moral physiognomy of our dear departed brother,

Dom Aloysius Herman was the youngest child of a pious German Catholic family of Kansas. In his parents he ever had before his eyes the pattern of a virtuous life, so that by their example as well as by their counsel, he was early and easily led into the smooth way of religious practices. He verified in his life those words "It is well for a man that he hath borne the yoke from his youth," and though called away in the spring-time, in the blossom and before the bloom—he also verified those other words "*explevit multum brevi tempore*," he accomplished much in a short time. The morning and evening prayer—the regular attendance at Holy Mass, which was never omitted though many miles in a treacherous climate had to be traveled—the monthly confession and communion, and the many fervent prayers poured out before the altar of God—were all holy performances of which he was a daily witness.

The family to which he belonged were not only virtuous and religious, they were also most industrious.

Religion when properly understood enlists in her service the handmaid of labor. In that labor of love there is no murmuring, for she makes it a matter of conscience—she knows that constant occupation is one of the best preservatives against the allurements of corrupt nature—it is the guardian of virtue as well as a pledge of honesty, in fact one of the conditions of happiness here below.

The subject of our story then, learned to be pious and active and continued to be so all his life. As soon as he reached the proper age his parents sent him to the district school. He took a liking to books and never arrived late for school, at least, without a sufficient reason.

The time allotted for study, he spent in study according to rules. In this as in every duty he observed the time,